

The World.

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 42.....NO. 14,736.

THE GIVING OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

This is a day that should be exclusively the very young children's own. It is theirs by right of the traditions of twenty centuries. They alone reflect the stainless happiness of the Christ child in the manger, about whom the whole complicated and elaborate ceremonial pomp of the Church revolves on this most important of religious festivals. They alone perpetuate an apostolic succession of purity and innocence, the belief in which makes Christianity possible and inclines their elders to the comfort and consolation of religion. If for no other reason they are deserving of gifts for the glimpses they give man of his better self and the intimations they convey of an immortality that their parents seek hard to convince themselves of.

They are not neglected, but in the modern manner of distributing holiday presents as observed by society they yield place to the selfish wants of their elders. It is Ernestine's set of sables and Willie's automobile that first engage the parental consideration, with remembrances for cousin Julia and cousin James following; and when the long sequence of exacted gifts has been attended to, the janitor's expectations satisfied, the perquisites of elevator boys and insistent porters yielded up—only the leavings of the parental purse remain for gifts prompted by genuine affection and not called for by a system of sentimental blackmail and the obligations of duty. As the giving of gifts obtains to-day it is a perversion of the frankness and myrrh that were tokens of the Magi's love of a little child.

Next to the children the indigent poor should be borne in mind. Few are the crumbs that fall to their share from the tables of the well-to-do, but how their children appreciate the slightest remembrance from the rich in this season of good will and good cheer—for those who have the price!

The indications are that the reverberations of the Brooklyn ten-inch guns at Santiago will be audible in the next century. The shot that was "heard round the world" was not a marker in echo-making power to Schley's.

The carpet-bagger issue raised over Belmont's candidacy gives the voters of the Seventh District an idea of how they felt in the South in reconstruction days.

What New York Editors Say.

"The thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns," yet a faithful American woman takes her Christmas dinner in a Bulgarian cave, if she has strength left to dine, if she has life left. And for many weary months republics and empires stand at gaze, mistily important before a small band of brigands, powerless to save a poor little missionary. A prayer is all that can be offered in the aid of Helen Stone.—*Press.*

President Roosevelt is now facing . . . a test of moral courage. He has made a serious mistake in inviting Henry C. Payne to a seat in his Cabinet. A political appointment more completely justifying to the ideals and the practices of Theodore Roosevelt in the past it would be hard to conceive. It is an appointment that has shocked his friends and filled his enemies with spiteful ideas. Has the President the courage to correct his error? Or is his bravery, after all, chiefly of the red-faced, shouting, "fighting" type, in which he is easily surprised by dozens of cowboys, bruisers and soldiers?—*World.*

Electric trains on the elevated roads do not loom large and near at hand. A few of them may be seen at some time in 1902, but the complete transformation of the service recedes further and further into the dim vistas of the distant future. When the underground rapid-transit cars are running, then at last the Manhattan management may shake off its downy sleep.—*Tribune.*

The growth of American Methodism, impelled especially by the great religious revivals of the early part of the last century, has been one of the most remarkable in the history of religious development. In New York, in 1796, a godly woman called a few Methodists to their duty in a ringing loft. The whole number in the American colonies was only five thousand; now the membership in all the branches is nearly six millions.—*Sun.*

A curious exemplification of the old saying "It's an ill wind that blows no one good" is found in a special cable despatch to the Herald this morning from Bermuda. The war which has piled up the British dead and devastated South Africa has brought prosperity to the islands. This is mainly due to the presence of the Boer prisoners and their attendant guards augmenting the population. Hence a merry Christmas to-day in Bermuda.—*Herald.*

THE HUNGRY LITTLE BEGGAR.

BY WOODYARD KINDLING.

When you've chanted in your churches, "Peace on earth, good will to men,"
When you've finished promenading down the street,
When you've dined in comfort—will you kindly tell me then
What a hungry little beggar likes to eat?
Though you call him "dirty mucker," though his language makes you ill,
Though you tell your dainty noses at his name,
There's his sticking in the chimney and his stomach yet to fill—
He's a hungry little beggar all the same.

Uptown, downtown, tenement-house and flat,
Hordes of hungry little beggars trying hard to live,
Christmas is here, good will to men! But what does he know of that?
Show him the meaning of Christmas cheer, and give—give—give!

Perhaps he's got a mother worried sick about the rent,
Or a daddy in the garret lying drunk;
Or, perhaps, a baby sister, and the last red penny spent—
Then the hungry little beggar stows his spunk.
Cold and ragged selling papers, blacking boots, or shoveling snow—
Have you lent a hand to set him on his feet?
Only give him what you owe him, only give the kid a show.
And he'll soon provide the baby things to eat.

East side, west side, working day or night,
Child of a grinding poverty whose sins we must forgive;
Brighten his life this Christmas; help him to fight the fight;
Show him the meaning of Christmas cheer, and give—give—give!

When you've heard his heartstrings answer, "Peace on earth, good will to men,"
When you've fed and clothed and warmed him—when you've shown
That there's some one here to help him—will you kindly tell me then
What other greater pleasure you have known?
If there's father, mother, sister, give them all a little lift;
Give them something, if it's nothing but a job.
And what reward is sweeter for a timely Christmas gift
Than a hungry little beggar's grateful sob?

Pennies, dollars, sympathy and hope—
A little of your loving self will help his soul to live,
Poverty's grip is a grip of steel—there's work for us all, so come!
Show him the spirit of Christmas cheer, and give—give—give!

Letters from the People.

Apply to German Consul.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Having heard some time ago that my father was sought after as an heir to an estate in Germany I would like to know where to apply to find out if such was the case.
R. H.

A Queer Animal.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
We have a very curious animal. It is a pure white ground mole. Such a thing has never been heard of around here. It has the head, body and legs of a mole and a tail similar to a rat's, about eight inches long. Will readers inform us if it is rare?
W. P. Fairfield, N. J.

Started, but Did Not Finish.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Please tell me if Floyd H. Hild was in this last side-day race.
A. W. HART.

B Is Right.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A letter that the article concerning "Sealing by Telephone Discovers by Chance" is merely a good joke. B says that the article was written seriously and is not meant for a hoax. Kindly let us know.
M. P. AND C. B.

ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE.
"Emily," said the absent-minded professor, "what shall we have for our Christmas dinner this year?"
"Oh, you goose!" replied his wife.
"You needn't worry about that."
"All right, my dear," he said, only partially understanding her. "We will have a goose this time, then."—*Chicago Tribune.*

TOMMY'S CHRISTMAS DOG

Tommy is going to have a new dog for Christmas. Tommy is six years old and he has one dog already. The dog on hand is a black, curly little spaniel. At present it is in the convalescent ward at Tommy's home. Its name is Mowgli, and it has a broken jaw and a badly crushed front paw.

If Mowgli hadn't run out on the railroad track one day last week and dared the Milwaukee flyer to run over him it is not likely that Tommy would have a new dog as a Christmas present, says the Chicago Tribune. And thereby hangs a story which involves Tommy, Mowgli, a lot of men in brass buttons, and the President of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad Company.

One day recently Tommy took all the pennies out of his elephant bank and added to his store a dime which his Uncle Tom, his namesake, had given him. Thus prepared, he went downtown to do his Christmas shopping. He got stuck for a long time in the toy department of one of the big shops, and he was strongly tempted to lay out his funds in the purchase of some animals with real hair and let the Christmas presents for his friends go by the board. But he resisted the temptation, and by 5 o'clock he had spent all his money and was loaded up with bundles. He had only yielded to a single weakness. That included the purchase of a beautiful woolly sheep as a present for his mother. It may be that Tommy cherished the thought that his mother might be willing to let him play with her present now and then. But otherwise he was decidedly self-sacrificing. He bought a hair ribbon for Annie, the cook, and a book mark for his grand-mother, and a 10-cent collar for Mowgli, things that no boy could possibly have any personal use for.

When he got home it was dark and he found the family in a high state of excitement. His mother broke the news to him.

"You see, Tommy," she said, "Mowgli ran out of the house after you had gone downtown and we couldn't find him. Then about an hour ago I heard him whining outside the kitchen door and I went out. He was all covered with dirt and blood. I got the dog doctor over as soon as I could, and he's here now. He says Mowgli's jaw is broken and one of his paws crushed. But the doctor says he'll get well all right."

"What happened to him?" asked Tommy.

"Johnny Staples was in just now and he says Mowgli was struck by a train on the Northwestern tracks. He saw him."

"Where is Mowgli now?" Tommy broke in. "I'll sue the railroad company for damages."

"Then he rushed through the hall into the sitting-room, where the doctor had Mowgli on a couch with a pan of water and a lot of bandages. By the time the doctor had finished Mowgli was a sad-looking little dog. His head was tied up in a bandage and his right fore-

leg was held out stiff by a splint." Tommy felt him on the spoon and put him to sleep in a basket by his bedside. When his father came home for dinner Tommy had nothing to say about the accident.

Next morning Tommy's mother noticed that her son was extremely busy at his little table in the nursery. He was working with a red lead pencil and a pile of white paper. She concluded that Tommy had suddenly become studious and rejoiced accordingly.

On the next afternoon but one there came a ring at the bell and the mail admitted an impressive-looking man in brass buttons. Tommy's mother came down to receive him.

"I come from the office of the President of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad Company," he said. "To investigate the damage done to your pet dog by one of our trains."

"Why, how did you hear of it?" asked the surprised woman.

"The President got a letter," said the man in uniform.

"I can't understand that," said Tommy's mother. "I wrote no letter and I'm certain my husband did not."

"I've got the letter in my pocket," he said, and pulled out a badly crumpled and somewhat dirty envelope. Tommy's mother looked at it. Then she pulled out the sheet of paper. It was also crumpled and dirty, and showed that somebody had labored hard with it.

"Why, Tommy has written this himself," she said as she glanced at it. "Rampling all over the sheet in queer little characters, laboriously traced with a red pencil, was a message which read something like this:

"Dear President of the Chicago and Northwestern railroad company: Mowgli train run over Mowgli yesterday. Mowgli is injured. I like him very much and I think you should pay the doctor bill Yare's affectionately. TOMMY — No. 675 — street."

"The President sent me up to investigate the case," said the railroad official. He was taken into Tommy's room, where the small boy and his dilapidated dog were spending the afternoon together, and after expressing his sorrow at the accident and asking a good many questions he left the house.

After another delay of two days a large and formidable letter arrived addressed to Tommy. It was as follows:

"Thomas — Dear Tommy: I am sorry that one of our trains ran over Mowgli, and I hope he was not badly hurt. I like dogs much myself and I take a great deal of pleasure in including a check for \$10, which I hope will be enough to pay the doctor's bill. You must let me know how Mowgli gets along."

"I also include a dollar bill with which I wish you would buy yourself a Christmas present."

"By the way, I have a good many different kinds, and if you will let me know just what kind of a dog you like best I will see if I can't send you one to play with Mowgli on Christmas day."

UNDER THE WHITE LIGHT GLARE.

C. P. Flockton, who has been identified with Mrs. Southern for so many years, is this season with Mrs. Carter in the Du Barry play. Mr. Flockton is often mistaken for Sir Henry Irving, whom he strongly resembles. "Flocks," as his friends call him, is one of the most genial of men, and is equally at home with a chaffing-dish or a sympathic voice.

A sweet, sympathetic voice, that most excellent thing in woman, is one of the gifts of the gods bestowed on Georgia Waldron, who is playing in "Up York State." Miss Waldron is the wife of David Higgins, the author of this play, and the daughter of Isabel Waldron, a well-known actress. Miss Waldron has many charming attributes of mind and person, but her voice is of the most striking quality.

I met Miss Leigh on the avenue the other day coming from a rehearsal of "Up York State." Miss Leigh was in fine fettle and much pleased with her present engagement. She is an actress of experience and has had excellent training in some of the best stock companies in the country.

Nora Dunblane, who plays Mrs. Woodbridge in "Lovers' Lane," is a pretty woman, with thoughtful, earnest eyes, which seem to be looking straight into life's problems instead of at its frivolities. It is impossible to imagine Miss Dunblane "revolving."

Ada Lewis, in a raglan and a fetching white hat with black velvet ends drooping over her black hair, was doing her Christmas shopping when I saw her one day last week. There was nothing in Miss Lewis's appearance to suggest the tough girl of the market.

Harris, a play which she made famous. You could not imagine her snowing gum and "spelling."

Many Hampton and George are off on a joint twinkle this season. These clever people are co-stars on the road and seem to be making good. Miss Hampton is a pretty woman, all curves and dimples. She was born in Louisville, where the pretty girls come from.

GOOD MATCHES.
There was an old widow with fair daughters three;
She was poor, but she married the lot splendidly.
One wedded a plumber, and lives, so they say,
In a house that costs millions, right over the way.
One married a coal man, for whom others fear,
And now this fair damsel has diamonds to burn.
The third nary autur with riches did lack,
For she took a bold jockey who burned up the track.

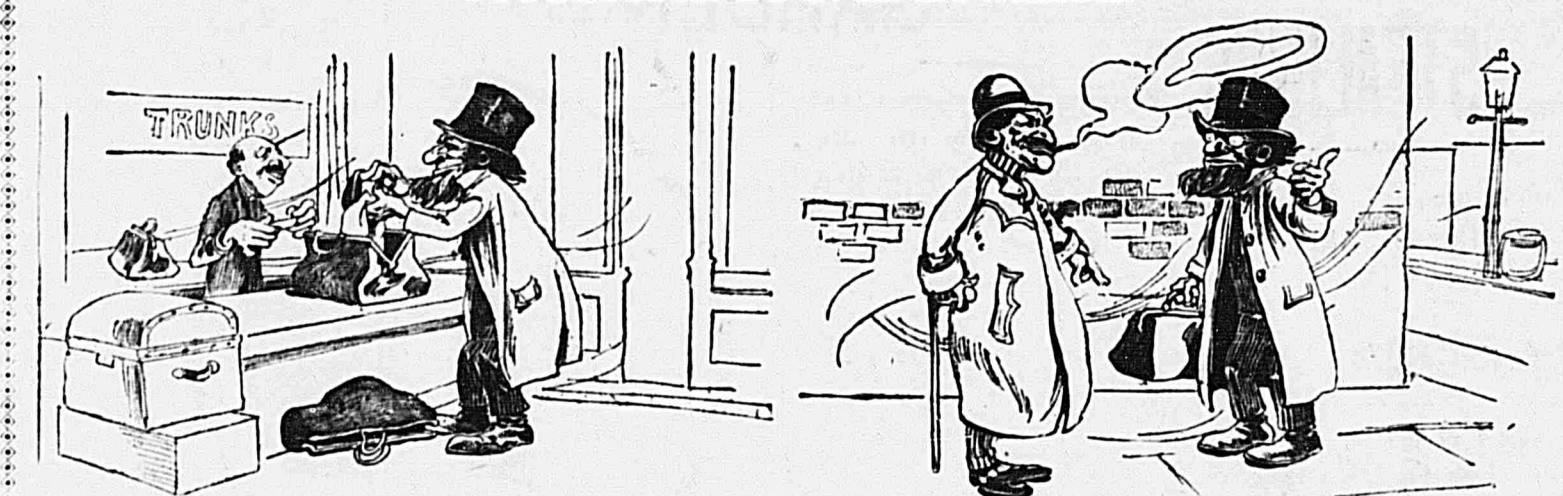
THE FORMER STATE.
The fur, the soft, warm fur, around her throat
And fastened to the edges of her coat
Mayhap served well to keep a polecat warm
As once it pondered, from men's haunts remote.
Perhaps the gloves upon her hands one day
Were part of some poor yellow dog—
Have been the spot from which some William goat
Was wont to lick the tickling hairs away.

—*Louisville Times.*

—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

A DEAL THAT WAS NOT CONSUMMATED.

SUGGESTION BY F. M. HOWARTH.



No. 1. Mr. Hardacre—Yes, I told mother that I wasn't a goin' 't carry this dingy carpet bag 'bout town, and that I was a goin' 't stop in the first place and buy a city-like bag. Yes, that one'll do in great shape. Ten dollars? All right! Here's the coin. I'll just put me traps and cash in the new bag.

No. 2. Stranger (meeting Mr. Hardacre)—Friend, can you tell me where I can purchase a travelling bag? I'm a stranger in these parts. Mr. Hardacre—Certainly; right 'round that corner, where I just bought this one for \$10.



No. 3. Stranger—What, only \$10 for that bag? You have all your things in it, eh? Well, I'll hold your bag and you go and buy another to prove what you say is true, and I'll buy it from you for \$15.

No. 4. Mr. Hardacre—Say, what's the use of workin' down on a farm when you can make money like this! Five dollars in five minutes! That feller must be one of them jays!

No. 5. Mr. Hardacre (returning with the grip)—Where's that—Buncoed, by gosh!

KEEPING UP WITH THE STYLE.



Poultry Dealer—Now, I wonder why I can't get the swell trade of this town?

"Come to think of it, I can. Shoo-shoo, there!"

"Ah, there's nothing like appealing to the popular fancy."

STRUCK OUT!



The Barker—"Here you are, good people—"

"Step up and show how hard—"

"A blow you can strike!"

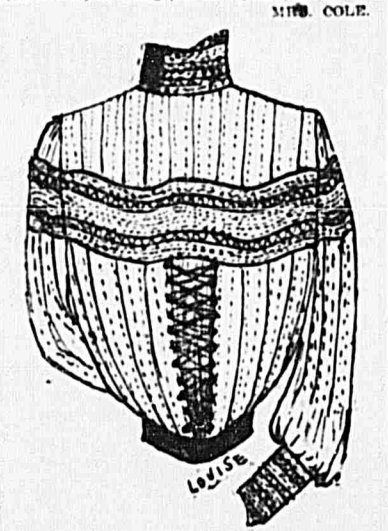
The Evening World's Home Department.

HOW TO DRESS WELL.

By Mme. Louise.

The Evening World places at the disposal of its feminine readers the services of a very competent dressmaker who will assist and advise them in planning new dresses and making over old ones. Address all letters on this topic to "Mme. Louise, Evening World Home Dressmaking Department."

Dear Mme. Louise:
Kindly advise me how to make a fancy of trimmed skirt waist of white cloth with white silk embroidered belt. I am tall and slender. By so doing you will greatly oblige me.
MRS. COLE.



The above cut represents one of the prettiest of this season's trimmed skirt waists. It is tucked in deep tucks, each tuck stitched twice near the edge; in the yoke the tucks go one way, but in the lower part of the waist they turn toward the center. Finish with little enameled buttons and loops of narrow military braid of the same shade as the material; these loops button across the waist to the button next below the one they are sewed to, over a vest of white accordion-plaited Liberty silk. The waisted bands across the waist and the

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

The Woes of Lovers.

He Dare Not Tell His Love.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:
I am a young man of an excellent family and like a girl very much; and what encourages me greatly is that she has told several people that she is very fond of me. We see each other a great deal and can never bring ourselves to tell each other that we both love. Advise me, please.
DAVE J.

I am glad to hear words of approval as to my advice, although when it comes to the class you describe I am afraid I scarcely deserve such commendation.

It is your place to tell the girl you love her. Brace up and act a man's part. You must see that no one can do this for you. A modest girl waits for the man to make advances. You have no idea how easy it is until you have tried.

Wants Both Love and Money.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:
I am in love with a girl and know she loves me, although she never told me so. She has a guardian, also a valuable lot of property; but, in the will it read if the girl married against her guardian's wishes (who is her aunt), she could not claim the property. Now, I am not very bright and don't get enough wares to keep a wife; also am not the kind of young man that her guardian wishes her to marry; and she would not think of my marrying her. At the same time, I love the girl and could not live without her. What would you advise me to do? Advise me, please. Could the girl marry against her guardian's wishes, bring the case to court and claim the property? The will reads that she can't get the property until she is twenty-five. Could not that be fixed so she could get it at the age of eighteen?
G. H. H.

You are certainly in a peck of trouble. From your own statement of the case it appears to me you are not a very desirable match for this young lady, but there is no accounting for a woman's taste. However, if I were in your place I should not be too presumptuous. It takes a fairly bright man to know if a woman loves him. Even then he should not be too sure in most cases.

I am not a lawyer, and I think it would take a very clever one to answer the legal points which appear so much to concern you.

I am inclined to disagree with you as to your not being able to live without this girl.

It is an astonishing fact that so many men and women will insist upon it that

FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.

To cut these leggings full length for misses of fourteen years of age 1-1/2 yards 21 or 27 inches wide, 3-4 yard 44 or 52 inches wide will be required. For girls eight years 1-1/2 yards 21 or 27 inches wide, 5-8 of a yard 44 or 52 inches wide. For children four years 7-8 of a yard 21 or 27 inches wide, 1-2 yard 44 or 52 inches wide will be required.

The pattern (No. 600, sizes misses, girls and children) will be sent for 10 cents.

Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pultzer Building, New York City."

—*Mme. Louise.*